CONFIDENCE.

A sea bird slept on the restless wave,
Head under wing;
The breezes lingered with loving touch
To rock and sing.

Above, the clouds with angry scowl
Hung grim and bold;
Beneath, in awful fathoms lay
The depths untold.

With fowler near, with foes alert
In heaving sea,
The feathered child of the wave slept on
How peacefully!

And thus my sea-tossed soul may rest,
Since God doth keep,
For his Spirit of love is brooding yet
On the mighty deep.